Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 2, 1834. Whole No. 637.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
NO. 30 CHESTNUT STREET,
Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank

TERMS—$2 50, if paid during the year.
$3 00, if paid in six months.
$3 50, if not paid during the year.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publisher while arrearages are due.

*** Specie notes of Solvent Banks, excepting Banks of Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana, received at par value for subscription to this Paper.

☞ Unpaid Letters not taken from the Post Office.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

JULIA GRAY,
Or the Orphan.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Never were two much less like each other, than were two very friendly neighbours, Solomon Rayfield, and Patrick O'Doyle. In temper and in creed, these two were opposites; Solomon a Calvinistic Baptist, Patrick a Catholic; and both deemed their respective churches the very standard of faith. Solomon was most prolific of tongue, and abundant in quotation from his name-sake. Patrick, who is to figure in our veracious history, was wonderfully skilful in the art of language and belief, came young, from "*The sweetist Isle of the Ocean*," and "*the auncient*" could not be proven, I would never dare state a fact so incredible, Patrick O'Doyle was a man contentious of speech.

With adjoining fences, extended the two very next and well cultivated farms of Rayfield and O'Doyle, and they rather a bold sweep from the banks of Chartier creek, a fine, clear, but noisy stream. Mr. Rayfield, with his notable wife Ruth, or Ruthy, as he called her, and their little son and daughter, were the contented inmates of one cottage, while Patrick O'Doyle usually muttered often between his teeth, "Never be denied a good bit of potatoe," was to wife and children, a very comfortable cabin.

Facing the Rayfield and O'Doyle farms, rose another far more extensive than both put together. Rising also, by a fine sweep from the banks of Chartier, and spread like a lasting, interminable wall so deep and so wide, stood the farm of James Gray, in full view from the front doors and windows of Rayfield and O'Doyle. Gray, and Jane, his wife, had brought with them to Chartier, one most engaging child, a girl, Julia, by name, the daughter of a father and wife; and they brought also, a much larger amount of money, than is usually possessed by persons of similar grants, and a prodigiously swelled sum of aristocratic consequence. The money procured the farm, and the farm made Gray, from a mere man, who, to use a common proverb, "*Peeled an egg*," to every eye but that of Solomon Rayfield, sners ensured respect and hatred from their less wealthy neighbours.

For good, sound, plain, and discerning common sense, and for sterling integrity, few stood equal, and none higher, in his country, than did Solomon Rayfield; when to this feature of Justice which were forced upon him, had to share pretty nearly every case of arbitration over the whole vicinity. Being of the same church and congregation, Solomon Rayfield and James Gray were brought into the same house of worship, and their public duties as magistrates, and other *ad referata*, brought into the same assemblies. This fact, in other days of the week; yet between these men, friendship did not, nor could not exist. James Gray and Solomon Rayfield, the most wealthy couple in the two counties, were probably the most unsocial in their habits, either, and why! Because, gentle reader, they were exactly alike in temper; and had long ago ceased to agree in any but the most trifling matters, as to *hate* each other, and *love money*.

Divines of all creeds, and philosophers of all schools, in turn, on one subject, formed a common conclusion; and that conclusion is, that riches and happiness have never dwelt together long. Now, though I am neither a divine nor a philosopher, but simply a reporter on earth of the things over it; to that I must, I have ventured another conclusion; that is, that wealth is not the greatest, but one of the greatest of curses. While passing along the vale of life, over which sunshine and storm alternately prevail, I have found kindness of heart and true contentment, miserable from happiness, and have found that same element, as unexpectedly existing, in the midst of the rubbish in which that precious metal is found.

Of the gold in the human bosom, Solomon Rayfield had his full share, and his neighbour James Gray, and Mrs. Gray, but not enough to reward its extraction. Though members of the same church, between two such men friendship could not subsist, even though every good worship was performed on one side, from a sense of duty, and on the other, by a sense of interest.

The Rev. John Dancey, the minister of both the Rayfield and Gray families, was the pastor of a congregation of seven remarkable for the honesty of their hearts, and the sincerity of their devotion, than for the polish of their manners. He had long been the only minister and his flock meet in harmony weekly. The only complaint against him was, that he was not the pastor of these pioneers of the wilds of Chartier, was, that he was rather lavish of "*Good Tidings*," and treated too little of their necessities. This was, however, a mere speck on the sun of love and respect, and glad the good people were to meet each other and the minister, once every week. Into this temple, not seldom, sat down also, Patrick O'Doyle, though usually set down playfully to his friend Rayfield, "A bee can find honey from the thorn flower."

Of all these flowers, ever blooming on Chartier, none other ever bloomed more lovely than Julia Gray, and her father, James Gray, was not in any respect "*A beauty in promise*," but every one who saw the little budding sprightly brunette, exclaimed, "*Perfect, full, and ripe!*" and unrously exclaimed," *How Lovely!*"

Mary Layton, Mrs. Gray, the first wife of James Gray, and the mother of Julia, deserved a better fate than to be united to such a man, even in the bud of youth, and to expire in a few weeks the birth of her child; falling a victim to that worst of cruelty to a fond wife—neglect. Jane Gray came to Chartier a bride of the first, became his second wife, and effectually revenged the memory of Mary Layton, who neglected his first wife, his second, did not neglect James Gray; and succeeded by the real terror which she inspired, and her great ability, was to institute a brain, harrassed thus by actual, and to its apprehension, impending misery.

James and Mary Gray, in the midst of the many Rose-destroyers, and Tourn-scarlers, which it has been given to the poet to see, between the months of the Sabine and Pansamalo quake, and only two of the many who took ten times more than they could honestly earn, but would have been necessary to have made them the delight of the country and their own family. No man or woman was ever yet disappointed in the aim of making themselves hated, and this couple succeeded just as proposed to their respective talents. James, to be passably, and Jane, to be passably more than passably, for she who never dealt in epithets of censure, only sighed when his nearest neighbours were named; but Patrick O'Doyle, though usually set down playfully to his friend Rayfield, "A bee can find honey from the thorn flower."

Of all these flowers, ever blooming on Chartier, none other ever bloomed more lovely than Julia Gray, and her father, James Gray, was not in any respect "*A beauty in promise*," but every one who saw the little budding sprightly brunette, exclaimed, "*Perfect, full, and ripe!*" and unrously exclaimed," *How Lovely!*"

Mary Layton Gray, the first wife of James Gray, and the mother of Julia, deserved a better fate than to be united to such a man, even in the bud of youth, and to expire in a few weeks the birth of her child; falling a victim to that worst of cruelty to a fond wife—neglect. Jane Gray came to Chartier a bride of the first, became his second wife, and effectually revenged the memory of Mary Layton, who neglected his first wife, his second, did not neglect James Gray; and succeeded by the real terror which she inspired, and her great ability, was to institute a brain, harrassed thus by actual, and to its apprehension, impending misery.

James and Mary Gray, in the midst of the many Rose-destroyers, and Tourn-scarlers, which it has been given to the poet to see, between the months of the Sabine and Pansamalo quake, and only two of the many who took ten times more than they could honestly earn, but would have been necessary to have made them the delight of the country and their own family. No man or woman was ever yet disappointed in the aim of making themselves hated, and this couple succeeded just as proposed to their respective talents. James, to be passably, and Jane, to be passably more than passably, for she who never dealt in epithets of censure, only sighed when his nearest neighbours were named; but Patrick O'Doyle, though usually set down as bad warmed heart, seldom named either husband or wife, without finishing by a "*Bad luck to them.*"

It will be only strange to those who have not reflected on the fearful consequences of wealth, if I am now ready to assert. All those feelings of disgust against the worldly Grays, very seldom agreed with the worldly Jane. In the ordinary extraordinary walks of life, all outward things were on the face of Rayfield, and his wife, and farms; and even the sarcastic O'Doyle, whom like many other punsers, a little of every trade, was very often called in to settle a dispute, and there, did the job, got his wages, and returned to his cabin just as he did for Solomon Rayfield, and fifty others. Stop! my young readers, and before you call this hypocrisy, wait until forty years more have passed away, and then and then only, but you will then call it prudence. I can tell you, from friends, that were not the affairs of the world thus conducted, the earth would be, as far as man is concerned, one great scene of discord.

To a close observer there appeared nothing of hard hearted atrocity in the character of James Gray, but he loved money, and pursued money for itself, and neglected every thing else; and amongst the rest, his own child. With a view to great profit, which was indeed in the end realized, this man was induced, much to the astonishment of even the man who had been the engagement, to become security to a considerable amount. His intellects never of high order were his property was concerned, James Gray, in a few days, was in a state of mind bordering alarmed; the sweets of sound and refreshing sleep fled his pillow, and each day and night fear increased. Solomon Rayfield and James Gray spent one more name to the list of men whose minds sink to actual insanity, from the apprehension of what, in a majority of cases, never happens. At the age of forty, in ruins, was seen sitting in bitter fatherly, bewailing his loss, a man who had at that time, perhaps no compeer in wealth in all western Pennsylvania. His family, and the world generally with its concerns, faded from his view, one desolating fancy remaining to render his life a terrible dream. The step-mother and protector of little Julia, we have already sketched and need not add, that tearful indeed was the path of the orphan. Mattering this fearful and writhing under supposed wrong, the mind of James Gray took a turn in its weaknesses. From childish apathy or listless indolence, frenzy succeeded. His range was now the tangled woods, where, in the curse of lost and fearful, he added not to dreadful for human ear, the very wild animals of the forest, and the casual being of this one species who met him in his walks, shke fled his presence.

Nature could not long support such a condition of existence, and the unearthly malédictions of James Gray, became silent. "Where is he?" demanded Solomon Rayfield, of another search could answer. To do justice to his unworthy wife, in the case of her husband, she

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The Queen has given birth to a son and heir at Windsor Castle, on the evening of May 27th. The Queen was delivered at 9 minutes past 10 o'clock. The child is a boy. Queen's subjects will be glad to hear that the event has taken place, and that the child is a male heir to the throne. Queen's subjects will be glad to hear that the child is a male heir to the throne.

A grand Ottoman fleet has arrived at Samos.

A failure of the potato crop, and consequent high prices of provisions, are the chief inducements to emigration. The number of emigrants is on the increase. The number of emigrants is on the increase. The number of emigrants is on the increase.

The potatoe crops have failed in the counties of Cork and Kerry.

Sir Peel is to receive an annual pension from the public. He is one gentleman, though he serves a King and wife, has married in his name, including wife, children, and grandchildren, to the number of fifteen.

Two thousand Chartist orders have changed hands in London, in consequence of the late strike of the journeymen of the metropolis.

Bankruptcies.—The total number of persons who have applied for the benefit of the Act for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, in London and Middlesex, during the year 1845, was 2,071; in Bristol, 207; in Leeds, 271; in Hull, 211; in Liverpool, 1,000; in Manchester, 1,000; in Sheffield, 1,000; in Birmingham, 1,000; in Glasgow, 1,000; in Edinburgh, 1,000; in Dublin, 1,000; in Cork, 1,000; in Limerick, 1,000; in Belfast, 1,000; in Waterford, 1,000; in Kilkenny, 1,000; in Wexford, 1,000; in Carlow, 1,000; in Kildare, 1,000; in Meath, 1,000; in Westmeath, 1,000; in Longford, 1,000; in Roscommon, 1,000; in Sligo, 1,000; in Mayo, 1,000; in Galway, 1,000; in Clare, 1,000; in Limerick, 1,000; in Tipperary

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for this Paper every Evening Post, by Robt. T. Hoff, Prices Current, and for Exportation, Continental Review, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 1, 1834.

ASHES.—Pot ..... 100 lbs. $ 4 75
Pearl 4 75
BEESWAX ..... lb. 25
BREADSTUFFS.—Flour, New York ..... bbl. 5 62½
Do. No. 1 ..... 5 50
Do. do. 5 37½
Do. Rye 3 50
Do. Brandywine 5 62½
Do. Baltimore Howard-st. 5 62½
Do. do. Susquehanna 5 62½
Do. Alexandria 5 62½
Do. Fredericksburg 5 62½
Do. Petersburg 5 62½
Do. Richmond City Mills 5 62½
Do. Do. Country 5 62½
Do. Georgetown 5 62½
Do. Fredericktown 5 62½
Do. Alexandria Canal 5 62½
Do. Baltimore Canal 5 62½
Do. Susquehanna 5 62½
Do. Brandywine

Through the gates of Life,
Thus given to all its decrees.

AFRICAN.

The land that lies between the Atlas and Grey,
Where the sun and the wind and the sand delight;
Where the noon-day dews and the rain-drops are few,
And the bird that can fly out of sight.

'Tis there that the camel, the beast of the East,
Finds a home, and roams at his own sweet will;
Where the bow-string hemp and the aloe grow,
And the locust comes down like a cloud to destroy.

Where the elephant browses the custard-apple,
And the lion hides in the jungle grass,
Where the buffalo roams, and the wild horse runs,
And the tall palm-trees live and pass.

Where the sycamore spreads its branches wide,
And the shea-tree gives us butter and oil,
Where the gum exudes, and the poison-tree grows,
And the scorpion crawls in the soil.

Where the ostrich builds in the hot, dry sand,
And leaves her eggs for the sun to hatch,
Where the elephant feeds, and the bee hides honey,
And the serpent lies in the thatch.

Where the Arab roves, and the negro toils,
Where the human heart is dark as night,
Where the burning sun and the blinding sand
Make existence a curse and blight.

Where the human heart is dark as night,
Where the human heart is dark as night,
Where the human heart is dark as night,
Where the human heart is dark as night.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

GENERAL LEE'S HORSE.—An officer calling out to him, "General Hyder, I plainly see one of your horse's hind feet is white; you had better turn to destroy you." "That is the favorite of mine," said the General. "If you can distinguish either one of your men to make the best use of them, or, chance your position, report to me, and I will relieve you." "Thank you, sir," replied the officer, "but you are too true," replied the General, "to be the same service when I am."

BEN JACKET.—I happened during the revolutionary war, that a battle was fought in the Indians, at which La Fayette was present. The object was to unite the Indians in a treaty with America. The majority of the Chiefs were friendly, but there was much opposition made by many, especially by a young warrior, who declared that while an alliance was entered into with America, he should consider the war of independence as at an end. In the speech through the Indian Agency, when Indy to America, is supposed as a large Chief, but La Fayette was the first to speak to the treaty in question, and during to Red Jacket, said, "your speech is very wise, but you have not told us that during treaty, why we decidedly opposed all our preparations for peace." "I, mind," said the great warrior, "I am the chief of the Six Nations, and I have determined